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The Black Douglas

By J. R. Crockett.

CHAPTER LIX.—Continued.

The Sacrifice to Barran-Sathanas.

Gilles de Retz waited till his acolytes had faded to their appointed places, where they stood like carved statues watching what should happen. Then slowly and deliberately he ascended to the broad platform from which the iron altar rose, and stood with his arms folded over his flame-colored robe, looking glancingly down upon his innocent victims. Maud Lindsey was the nearest to him, and her unbound hair fell back and touched the peak of his pointed shoe of crimson leather.

"With a quick movement he caught up a handful of the rich luxuriance and allowed it to run through his fingers like sand again and again, with apparent delight in the sensation.

"Even as he did so the dim figure of the horned demon above appeared to lean forward as if to touch him, and with a rushing noise the great hourglass set upon a pedestal at the foot of the image turned itself completely over. Gilles turned also with a startled air and seeing what it was he laughed a strange hollow laugh.

"It is indeed the hour, the hour of doom, fair maid," he said, looking down upon them as defiantly as if he had been paying his heart in the great hall of Thrieve, "but it shall not pass without taking with it your souls to another and, I trust, a higher sphere."

He paused, but no complaint nor appeal came to his cruel and inexorable ear. The certain graciousness of Providence to those of extreme peril seemed to have blunted the eyes of fear in the innocent victims. They lay still and apparently without consciousness upon the iron altar. The red glow played upon their faces, shining through from the inner chamber, and the figure of the marshal stood out black against the light.

"On the floor lay the rictus from which he had drunk the red milk."

"Give me the knife!" he cried, suddenly as a trumpet that is blown.

And, reaching a withered hand within the marshal's chamber as if to detach something from the wall, La Mefraye hobbled quickly across toward the altar platform, bearing in her hand, a shining blade of steel, broad of blade and curved at the point. She placed the ebony handle in the marshal's hand, who weighed it lightly in his grasp.

"Then for the first time since the men had bound her, the sweet childish eyes of little Margaret were unclosed and looked up at Gilles de Retz with the touching wonder of helplessness and innocence.

"At that moment the image appeared to Laurence to beckon to him out of the gloom. A quick and nervous resolve ran through his veins. His muscles became like steel within his flesh. He rose to his feet and rushed without pause for the altar, across the chapel from the niche where he had been hidden.

"Murderer! Fiend! I will kill you!" he cried, and with his dagger bare in his hand he would have thrown himself upon the marshal. But as he leaped, the eyes of the young man in his strength there came another from the door of the inner chamber.

With a deep-throated roar of wholly bestial fury Astarte, the she-wolf sprang upon Laurence, and, though he saw his dagger twice deep into her oily chest, she overbore him and they fell to the ground with her teeth gripping his shoulder. Laurence felt the hot blood of the beast spurt forth and mingle with his own. Then a flood of swirling waters seemed to hear him suddenly away into the unknown.

When Laurence Mackim came to himself he emerged into a chill world in which he felt somehow infinitely lonely and forsaken. Next he grew slowly conscious that his feet and arms were bound tightly with cords across the cut painfully into the flesh. Then he realized that he, too, had taken his place beside the maids upon the altar of iron. Strangely enough, he did not feel afraid nor even wish himself elsewhere. He only wondered what would be his next.

He opened his eyes and lo! they looked directly into the terrible countenance of the monstrous image. Yet there seemed something strangely encouraging and even beneficent about the aspect of the demon. But no other words did he receive beyond the array of his victims with his back to the image, the regard of the sculptured devil followed him, grim and mocking.

Words of angry altercation came to the ears of Laurence Mackim, and he turned to "I tell you," cried the voice of Gilles de Retz, "I will not spare them. Well-nigh had I succeeded. Almost was I young again. I was tasting the first sweetness of knowledge wide as that of the gods. I felt the new life stirring within me, and I had but enough of the blood of innocence, which is the only worthy libation to Barran-Sathanas, who alone can bestow new life."

Then the Lady Sybilla answered him. "I pray you, Gilles de Retz, as you hope for mercy, slay not these maidens and this young man. Take me and bind me instead, for the sacrifice of death, I have wrought enough of evil! Take of my blood and work out your purpose. Let me give you the libation you desire. Gilles de Retz, if ever I have aided you, grant me this boon now. I beseech you let these innocents go and bind me upon the altar in their place."

Long and loud laughed Gilles de Retz, a hard, evil and relentless laugh.

"Sybilla! The hour is indeed maiden's sacrifice! Barran-Sathanas himself laughs at the jest. He would have no pleasure in your death. Soul and body you are his already. He desires only the blood and suffering of the innocent—of those on whom he has never set his mark. Nay, these three shall surely die, and in that bath under his altar I shall have from head to foot in the red milk of innocence. I have no more need of you, Sybilla mine. You have done your work, and for reward you can depart to your own place. Out of my way, I say.

Henriet, Poitou, quick! Remove this woman from before the altar!"

Then, struggling strongly in their hands, she servants carried Lady Sybilla to the further end of the chapel, where the altar on either side, holding her fast. And as the last grains of sand began to swirl toward their fall and a little whirlpool to form funnelwise in the midst of the hour-glass, the butcher was left alone with his victims upon the platform of the iron altar.

Gilles de Retz turned toward the image, and lifting up his hand solemnly he cried in a great voice, "O, Barran-Sathanas, be well pleased to behold this innocent blood spilled slowly in thine honor. As the red front flows and the red fire burns, restore my youth and make me strong. Faithfully will I serve thee and thee alone, renouncing all other. O, Barran-Sathanas, great and only Lord, receive my sacrifice. It is the hour!"

And so saying, he laid hold of Maud Lindsey by the hair, and raised the curved knife on high.

Then from the end of the chapel to which the Lady Sybilla had been taken there came a sound. With a great despairing effort she burst from her captor's hands and ran forward. She knelt down on the marble slab whereon the maids had stood at their first entering, and as she knelt she held aloft a golden crucifix.

"If there be a God in heaven let him man-

And as they entered the city from behind and before, from all the windows and roofs rose the hoarse grunting roar of the hatred and cursing of a whole people.

In the city of Nantes the rumor of the taking of Gilles de Retz had spread like wild-fire, and all the cavaliers rode through the streets of the windows rained down curses and the citizens hooted up from the sidewalks. But the marshal kept his haughty and disdainful regard like a noble nature who performs companies for the nonce with meager men. He saw his favorite charger like the companion of Durola and de Richemont, and as more than one remarked, on this occasion he looked like the royal prince and the duke of Brittany the prisoner.

So in the new tower of the castle of Nantes Gilles de Retz was placed to wait his trial. There is no need to give a long account of it. The documents have been printed in plain letter, and all the world knows how clerk Henriet first broke down under the stern questioning of Pierre de l'Hopital, and how he declared fully all these things without parallel in which he had borne so cruel a part.

Poitou, more faithful to his master, held out till the threat of torture and the appeals of his friend, Henriet, broke him down. But the attitude and bearing of the chief culprit, however, deserve that the historian should not wholly pass them over.

"AND WON'T YOU MARRY ME, IF I ASK YOU VERY NICELY, SHOLTO?"

Even in his first haughty and contemptuous silence Gilles de Retz was shifting his ground, and with a cool, unheated intelligence orienting himself to the new conditions. It soon became evident to his mind that the powers of evil, in whom he trusted and to whose service he had consecrated his life and fortune, had befriended and betrayed him.

Well—even so would he fool them—if, by the grace of God, there were yet any merit or hope in the service of good. The priests said so. The scripture said so, and they might be right after all. At least the thing was worth trying.

For a calculating brain lay behind the excesses of the terrible Lord de Retz. The religion of the cross might not be of much final use, still it was all that remained, and Gilles de Retz determined to avail himself of it. So once more he was chastened from Barran-Sathanas to Jehovah.

With an effrontery almost too stupendous for belief, he arrayed himself in the white robes of a Carmelite novice and spent his prison days in singing Halleluia and in private confession to his religious adviser.

When the great day of the trial at last arrived the marshal, who had expected on the bench the weak, kindly face of Duke John, was called upon to confront the indomitable judicial rectitude of Pierre de l'Hopital, president and grand senechal of Brittany.

Gilles de Retz appeared at his trial dressed in white of the richest materials and with all his military decorations upon him. But his judge, habited in stern and simple black, was not in the least intimidated.

Then came the great surprise. After the evidence of Henriet and Poitou had been read to him, the marshal was asked to plead. To the surprise of all he claimed benefit of clergy.

"I have, indeed, deserved a thousand deaths. But now I am a man of God. I have confessed. I have received absolution for all my sins. God has forgiven me and my soul is cleansed!"

"Good!" answered Pierre de l'Hopital. "I have nothing to do with your soul. I must leave that to you justly remark, to God. But I am here to try your body, and if found guilty, to condemn that body to suffer the penalties by law provided."

Then Clerk Henriet was brought in to testify more fully of the crimes beyond parallel in the history of mankind.

The court had been hung round with black, and the only object which appeared prominent was a beautiful crucifix with a noble figure of the Redeemer of Men carved upon it. This was suspended, according to the custom, over the head of the president of the tribunal.

Henriet had not proceeded far with his terrible relation of inconceivable crimes when he stopped.

"I cannot go on," he said in a broken, appealing voice. "I cannot tell all I have to tell with that figure looking down upon me."

So, with the whole court standing up in reverence, the image of the Most Pious was solemnly veiled from sight, that such deeds of darkness might be so much as spoken of in that holy and gracious presence.

Leap Year in Galloway.

Morning dawned fair over the wide strath of the castle and Ben Cairn stood out south and north like blue, round-shaded sentinels. Castle Thrieve rose in the midst, gray, massive and somber in the early sunshine.

And the psalmist and his brother John, with the taciturnity natural to early risers, were silently hoisting the flag which denoted the presence of the noble young chate-laine of the great fortress.

Sholto had also risen early, for the affairs of the castle and of the host were in his hand, and there was much business to be dispatched that morning. The young Avondale Douglases were riding away from

Thrieve, for word had come that James the Gross, seventh earl of Douglas, was surely at Thrieve.

"Thrive, for word had come that James the Gross, seventh earl of Douglas, was surely at Thrieve," said William Douglas, "wherefore should we stay—our work is done. No one will molest our cousin in his heritages now. We have stood about her while there was need. But for the present, Sir Sholto and his men have kept count and reckoning with any from the back shore of Lowalt to Berwick bound."

"Aye, indeed," cried James Douglas, "we will go till the time come when the suitors gather, like corbies about a dead man's head. That is not a savory comparison," cried Margaret of Douglas, now grown older, and already giving more than promise of that wondrous beauty which afterward made her celebrated in all lands, "but, after all, you, cousin James, have some right to make it. For that is your own country Sholto there. This ewe lamb would have been carried indeed!"

"Goodby," cried James of Avondale. "Haste thee and grow up, sweet coz. Then will I come back with the rest of the corbies and have my chance of the feast. I will keep myself for that day."

But William Douglas sat square and silent on his charger.

The maid of Galloway waved her hand gallily to the younger.

"You need not have your chance with the rest," she cried, "but you will not like me, very likely I may have to fleech and cozen with you like the sweetie wife at a fair before either of you will marry me. And, you know, I have sworn on the bones of St. Biele to marry none but a Douglas of the Douglases!"

Then William Douglas saluted without a word, and turning his bride-rein rode away with his face steadfastly set to the north. But James ever cried back farewells and jovial words long after he was out of hearing. And when the maid of Galloway looked at him still fluttered a gay kerchief in his left hand.

Then Margaret Douglas went back within the gates, where she encountered Maud Lindsey, coming through the castle yard to meet her. For that morning she had not wished to encounter Sholto—at least among so many. The two maidens walked on together, and which was the fairer, the black or the nut-brown, none could say who beheld them.

After a while Margaret Douglas sighed.

"I wonder which of them I like the best?" she said.

Maud laughed a merry, scornful laugh, in which was a world of superior knowledge.

"You do not like either of them very much yet, or you would have no difficulty about the matter," said this wise woman.

"Well, I wonder which of them loves me best," she went on. "James tells me of it a hundred times every day and all day. But William says nothing. He only looks at me often as if he disapproved of me. I am over light for him, I trow. He thinks not of me."

Then after a pause she said, again with her finger on her lip:

"I wonder which of them would do most for my sake?"

"I know," said Maud Lindsey, promptly.

With the young Avondales there had ridden Malise and his son Laurence on their way to the abbey of Dulce Cor. Sholto went also with them to convey them to the fords of Urr.

For Laurence was to be a clerk after all. And this is the way he explained it.

"The abbot cannot live long, and there is no Douglas to succeed him. Your little maid will make me abbot, if that Maud of yours does her duty."

"She is not my Maud yet," sighed Sholto, "for, as they say, Scotland, the lady had proved 'dreich' and 'dray'."

"But she will be in good time," urged Laurence, "and she must persuade the Lady Margaret of my many and surprising virtues."

"The Lady Margaret hath doubtless seen these for herself. Were you not bound beside her on the iron altar?" said Sholto.

"Yes; but I dicked the old witch-woman, or so they say. And that was no clerical action," objected his brother.

"Fear not," said Sholto. "You shall have all her favor you need without working by means of another's petition. But how about marriage? You cannot wed or woo if you are a clerk. You did not use to be so unbound of a lass in the gloomings along the sweet strand called the Walk of Lovers, you know where?"

"Fash," cried Laurence. "I never yet saw the lass I liked better than myself. And I never expect to see one that I shall like better than the fat revenue of the Abbey of Dulce Cor!"

He paused a moment, as if roughly considering some point.

"Besides," he went on, "wed I may not, but woo—that is another matter. I had never heard that an abbot—"

"Good day!" cried Sholto suddenly at this point. "I will not stay to hear you blaspheme."

And leaving his father and Laurence to ride westward he turned him back toward Thrieve.

"I will surely return tomorrow," cried Malise. "I must first see this bantam safely in Mew. Aye, and bid the Abbot William clip his wings, too!"

So in the gay morning sunshine and with the glinting of the lift reflected dark blue from trim and lakelet, Sholto Mackim rode toward the castle of Thrieve. He behought him on all that had befallen. The Avondales were away, James the Gross might die any moment—might even now be dead and William be earl in his place.

He thought over William of Avondale's last words to himself, spoken with deep solemnity and all the dignity of a great spirit.

"Sholto, you and yours have brought to justice the chief offender. The time is at hand when, having the power, I will settle with Crichton and Livingstone, the lesser villains. And in that count and reckoning you shall be my right-hand man. Keep sweet young Margaret safe for my sake. And be as prudent as you may—beyond my life. And for this time fare you well."

And he had reached a mailed hand to the captain of the Douglas guard, and when Sholto would have bent his head upon it to kiss it, William of Avondale gripped his suddenly, one grasps a comrade's hand when the heart is touched, and so was gone.

At the verge of the flowery pastures that ring the isle of Thrieve, Sholto met Maud Lindsey, now walking alone. At eight of the clock, her horse, and without salutation of spoken speech walked by her side.

"How came you here alone?" he asked.

"Maud made her little pouting movement of the lip, and kicked viciously at a tuft of grass.

"I forgot," she said, hypocritically; "I ought to have asked leave of that noble knight, the captain of Thrieve. We poor maids must not breathe without his permission—no, nor even walk out to meet him."

Maud Lindsey lifted her eyes suddenly, and shot at Sholto a glance so disabling, that, alarmed for the consequences, she veiled her eyes again by dropping her long lashes circumspectly upon her cheek.

"Did you really come out to meet me, Maud?" cried Sholto, all the life flooding suddenly to his cheeks; "in this you speak truth and no mockery?"

"I only said that we feared our castle's governor so that we must not walk out even to meet him."

At this Sholto let his horse go where it would, and as they were passing at the time through a copse of hazel, he caught his saucy sweetheart quickly by the wrist. Mistress Maud, you shall not play with

me!" he said, "you will tell me plainly—do you love me or do you not?"

Maud Lindsey pucker her pretty face as if she had been about to cry.

"You hurt my arm," she said, plaintively, looking up at him with the long pathetic gaze of a gentle animal put in pain.

Sholto performed released the pressure on her arm. She instantly put both hands behind her.

"You did not hurt me at all, hear you that, Master Sholto," she cried, "and I do not love you—not that much, sir noble knight!"

And she snapped her finger and thumb like a flash beneath his nose.

"Not that much!" she repeated viciously, and did it again. Sholto turned away sternly.

"You are nothing but a silly girl, and not worthy that any true man should marry you!" he said, walking off in the direction of the castle.

Maud Lindsey looked after him a moment as if not believing her eyes and ears. Then she tripped quickly after him. He was taking long strides, and it required a series of small hops and skips to keep up with him.

"Not really, Sholto?" she said, beseechingly, almost running beside him now, he walked so fast.

"Yes, madam, really!" said that young knight, still more sternly.

She took a little run to get a step in front of him, so that she might look advantageously into his face, the entire list of her business. "You won't marry me, Sholto?"

Her hands were clasped with the sweetest petteynary grace.

"No."

The monosyllable escaped from his lips with a snarl like a puff of steam from under the lip of a boiling pot.

"Not if I ask you very nicely, Sholto?"

"No."

The negative came again, apparently fiercer than before, almost like an explosion. Indeed, but still there was a hollow sound about it somewhere.

At this the girl stopped suddenly, and, drawing a little lace kerchief from her bosom, she sank her head into it in an apparent abandonment of grief.

"O, what shall I do," she wailed. "Sholto will not marry me, and I have asked him so sweetly. What shall I do? What shall I do? I will even go and drown me in the Dee water!"

And with her kerchief still to her eyes—or at least, to be wholly accurate, to one of them, the despaired maiden ran towards the river bank. She did not run very fast, but still she ran.

Now this was more than Sholto had bargained for, and he pursued her light-foot, the swifter than he had ever run in his life. He overtook her just as she reached the little ascent of the rocks by the river margin.

His hand fell upon her shoulder and he turned her round. She was still shaking with sobs.

"I will—I will, I will, I will do myself!" she cried, her kerchief clutched to her eyes. "I will marry you—I will do anything. I love you, Maud!"

"You do not—you cannot!" she cried, pushing him fiercely away, "you said you would not. That I was not to marry."

"I did not mean it—I lied! I did not know what I said!" Sholto was groveling now.

"Then you will marry me—if I do not drown myself?"

She spoke with a sort of delicious tentative relenting.

"Yes—yes! When you will—tomorrow—now!"

She dropped her kerchief suddenly and the laughing eyes of naughty Maud Lindsey looked suddenly out upon Sholto like sunshine in a dark place. They were dry and full of merriment. No trace of tears was to be discerned in either of them.

She gave another little skip and, catching him by the arm, she forced him to walk with her toward castle Thrieve.

"Of course you will marry me, silly! You could not help yourself, Sholto—and it shall be when I like, too. But now that you are so stern and crusty, I am not sure that I will not take Landlady's lock after all."

This is the end, and yet not the end, for still, say the country folk, when the leaves

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His Demon Hath Deserted Him.

The soldiers of the duke of Brittany stood with bare swords and deadly pikes around the Marshal de Retz and those of his servants who had been taken, that is to say, round Poitou, Clerk Henriet, Blanche and Robin Romulart. About them surged the angry populace, drunk with the very wine of destruction, having been filled with inconceivable fury by that which they had seen in the round tower wherein stood the filled bags of little charred remains.

"Fear the wolves into goblets! Kill them! Burn them! Send them quick to hell!" So ran the cry.

And twice and thrice the villagers charged desperately as men who fight for their lives. "Stand to it, men!" cried Pierre de l'Hopital. "Gilles de Retz shall have fair trial!"

"But I shall try him!" he added under his breath.

Never was seen such a sight as the procession which conducted Gilles de Retz to the city of Nantes. The duke had sent for his whole band of soldiers, and there in ordered companies marched in front and

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are greenest by the lakeside, when the white thorn is whitest and the sun drops most gloriously behind the purple hills of the west, and when the children sing like manna on the claustral green, we may chance to spy under the Three Thorns of Charlunark a lady fairer than mortal eye has seen. She is sitting gracefully on a white palfrey and listening to the strains singing by the waterside. And the tears fall down her cheeks as she listens, in the place where in the spring time of the year young William Douglas first met the Lady Sybilla.

And if we meet her and she have speech with us, if we surer that there will be another tale to tell.

(The End.)

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